



DEFIANT™

1
AUG
\$2.95

WARRIORS OF PLASM



Lopham 1993

BEYOND THE
IMAGINARY
LIMITS OF
REALITY...

THE TARGET'S
LAST VESTIGES
OF RESISTANCE
ARE COLLAPSING,
LORCA! PRAISE
THE ORG!

HAVE THE SHIP
DEVOTE ITS
SENSES TO
LOCATING HIGH
GORE LORD
SNERACEEN.

I'M SURE SHE'LL
BE AT THE
FOREFRONT, WHERE
THE SLAUGHTER
IS BEST, SIR!

HOY!
ACQUISITOR
LORCA...!

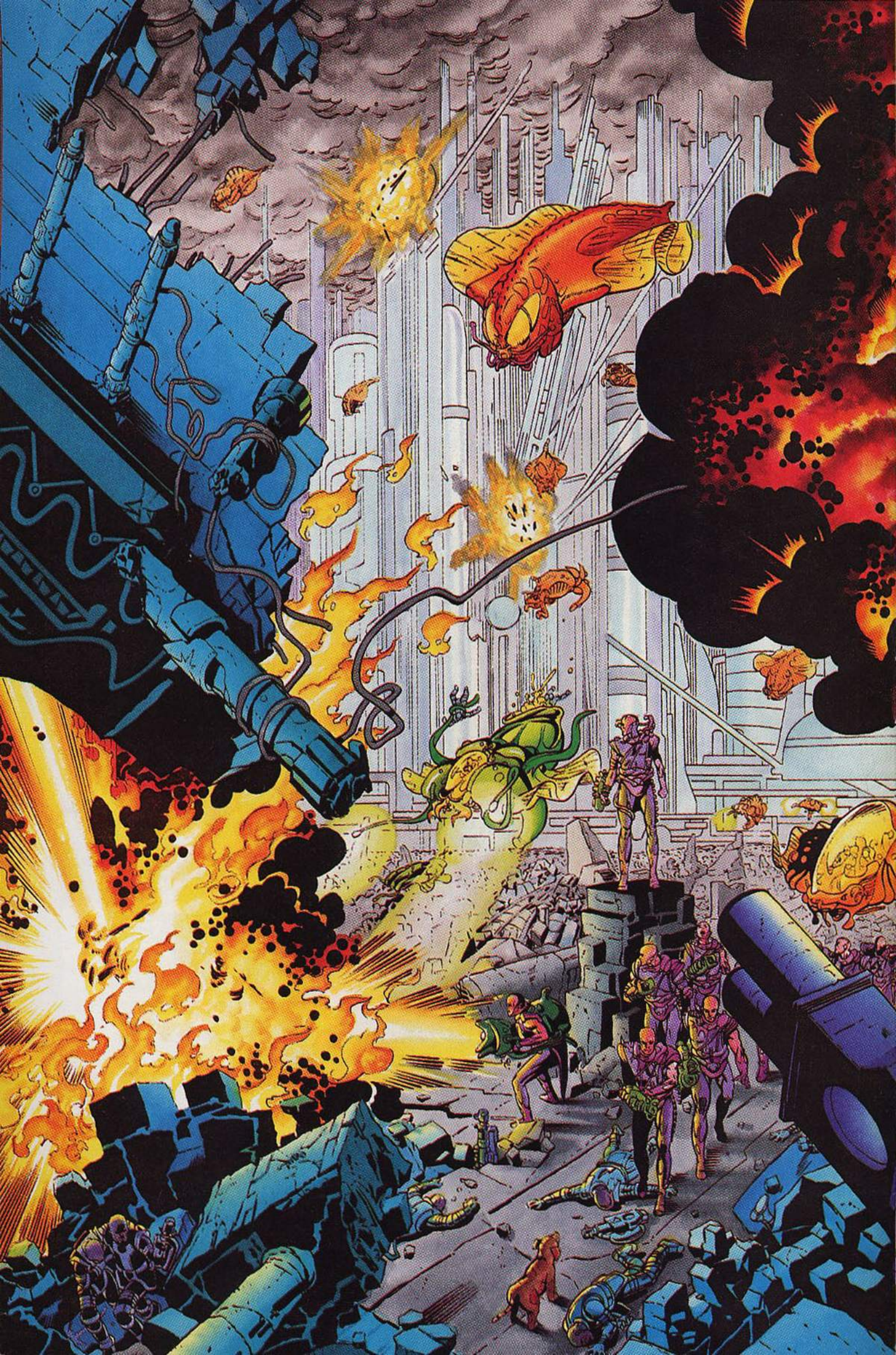
WRITTEN BY
JIM SHOOTER
DRAWN BY
DAVID LAPHAM

INKED BY
MICHAEL WITHERBY
PAINTED BY
JANET JACKSON,
JAMES BROWN,
AND
TOM ZILIKO

LETTERED BY
GEORGE ROBERTS
EDITED BY
DEBORAH PURCELL

METAMORPHOSIS

THE
SEDITION
AGENDA
PART 1



THE SHIP'S EYES SPY
SVERACEEN FIVE
LEAGUES BEYOND THE
MAIN FRONT!

SHE AND HER ELITE
TRAMPLE-BOHS HAVE
BREACHED THE INFIDELS!
LAST RESORT, LORCA!

ASK THE
SHIP TO
GO TO
HER.





GORE LORD SVERACEEN! ONLY SCATTERED INFIDEL SNIPERS REMAIN!

WE'LL NEED MORE BODY BARGES TO REAP ALL THESE CORPSES. MUSTER THEM UP.

AHH! THE COPPERY TANG OF GORE IS SO... AROUSING! I WISH...

LOOK! THE SHIP OF SUPREME ACQUISITOR LORCA!

HE MUST HAVE SENSED MY NODS TWEAKING!

SINCE THERE ARE NO ENEMIES AROUND, YOURS WILL DO.

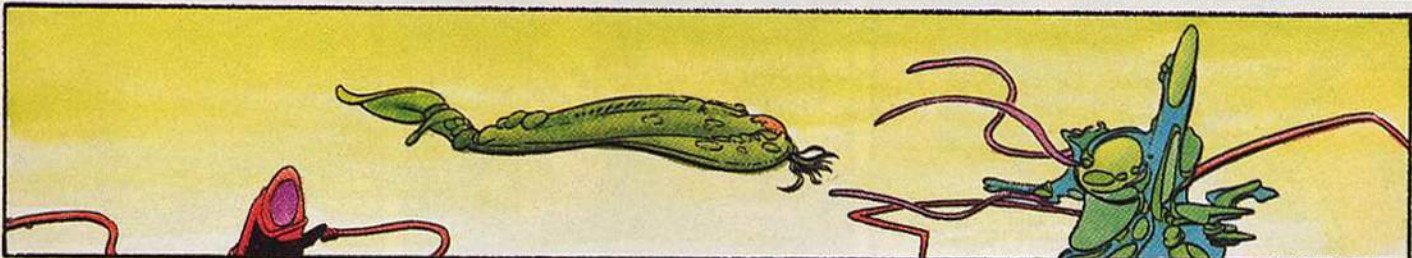
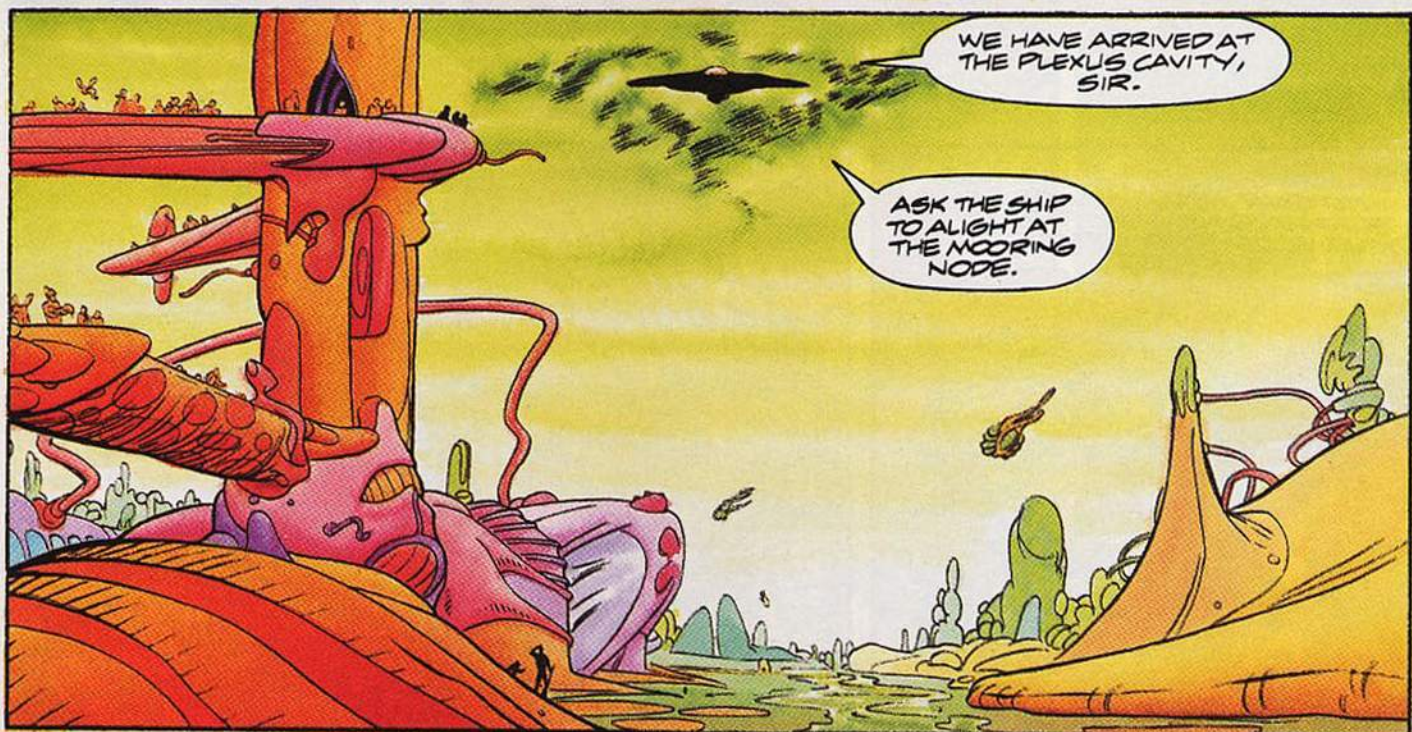
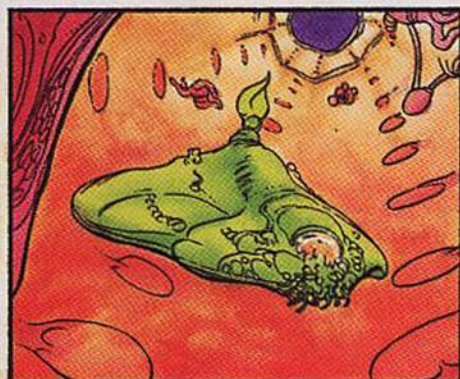
HAIL, SVERACEEN!

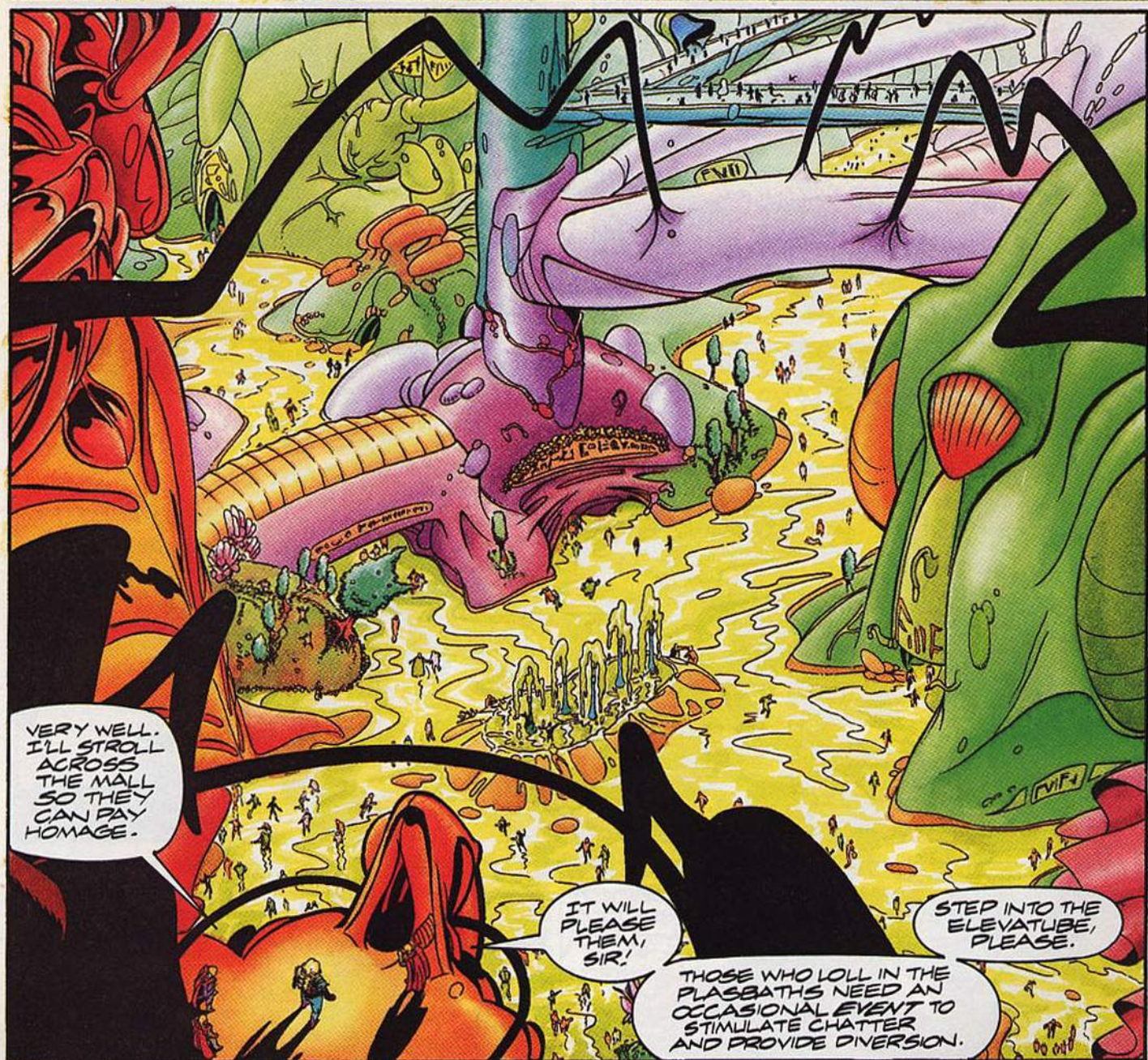
STAND READY, ZOM! I WISH TO BE DRIPPING WITH SPLATTER-GORE FOR MY LUST-MATE.

HERE I AM, SHIP! DRAW ME IN!

SVERACEEN! GREATEST OF ALL GORE LORDS!











LORCA, WE
BEG YOU,
MULCH
US!

THERE IS NO
DEATH AS LONG
AS WE REMAIN
PART OF THE
SYSTEM!

IT WOULD BE AN
HONOR TO BE
RECYCLED
BY YOU.

GUARD-ZOMS,
INSURE MY
PRIVACY.

YES,
SIR.



THE CENTRUM
OF THE
SUPREME
ACQUISITOR...



HOY, WHAT'S THIS?
PLEASURE-ZOMS?!

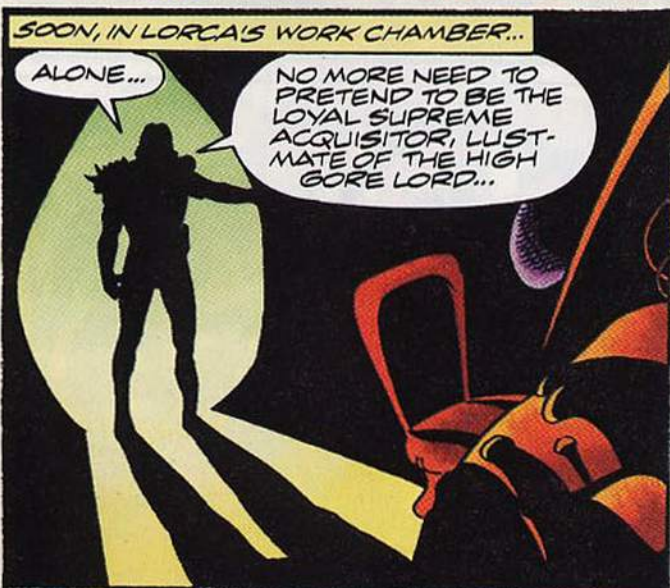
WE'VE BEEN
GENETICALLY
ENGINEERED
TO EXCEL AT
ALL OF YOUR
FAVORITE
LUST-GAMES.

HIGH
GORE LORD
SLERACEEN
HAD US MADE
TO ORDER
FOR YOU, SIR...



...JUST IN
CASE
YOU HAD
A FREE
MOMENT.

HOW THOUGHTFUL.



SOON, IN LORCA'S WORK CHAMBER...

ALONE...

NO MORE NEED TO
PRETEND TO BE THE
LOYAL SUPREME
ACQUISITOR, LUST-
MATE OF THE HIGH
GORE LORD...

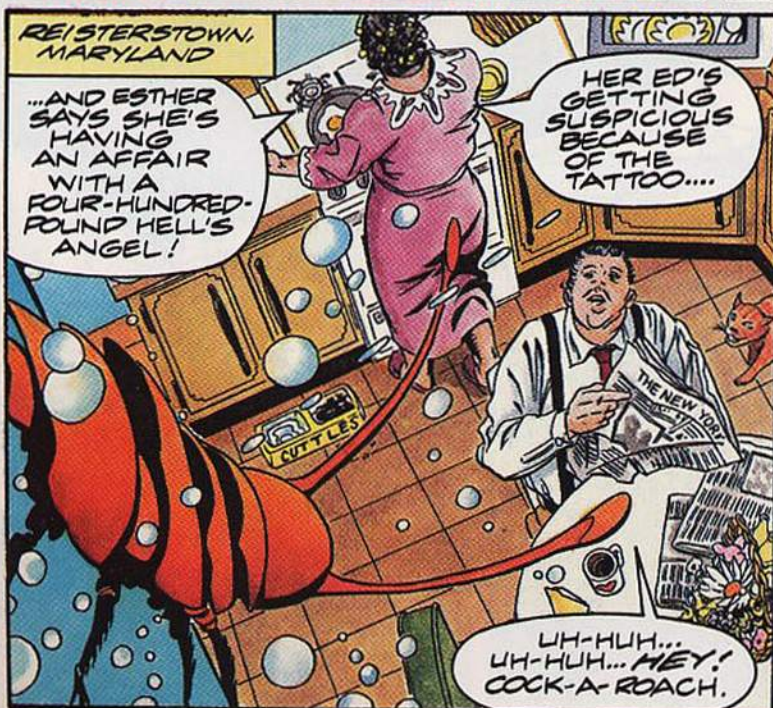
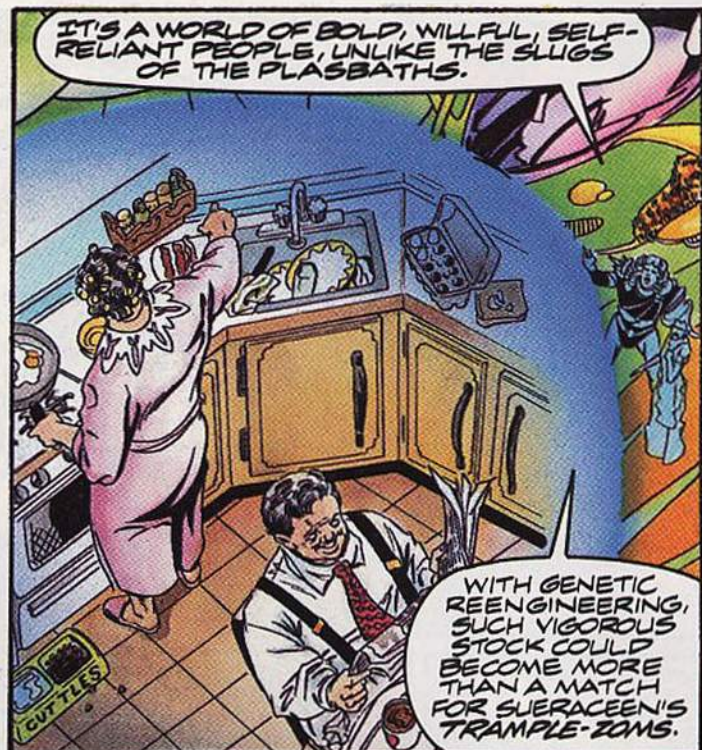


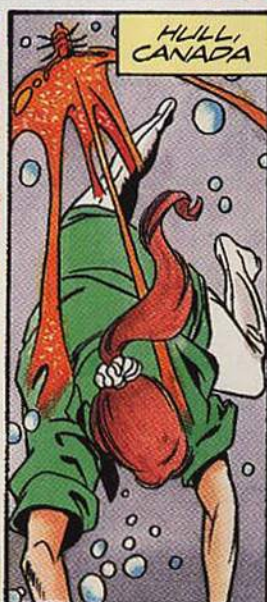
...DEVOUT
WORSHIPPER
OF THIS
CORRUPT,
VORACIOUS
ORG.

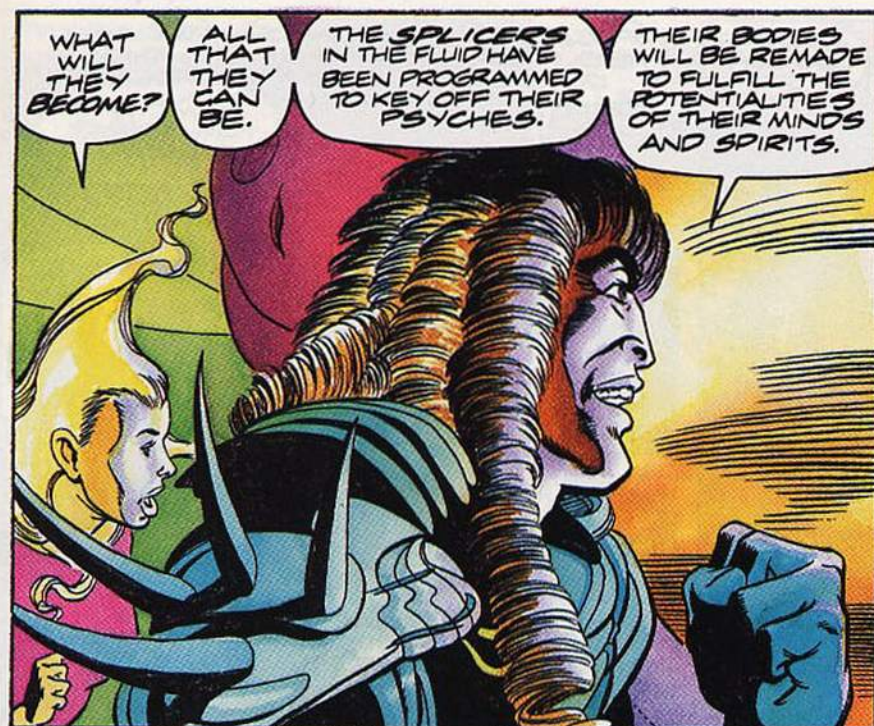
ALONE WITH
THE MEMORY
OF MY TRUE
LOVE... MY
ONE...!

MY
BEAUTIFUL
LAYSEN...!









WHAT WILL THEY BECOME?

ALL THAT THEY CAN BE.

THE **SPLICERS** IN THE FLUID HAVE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO KEY OFF THEIR PSYCHES.

THEIR BODIES WILL BE REMADE TO FULFILL THE POTENTIALITIES OF THEIR MINDS AND SPIRITS.



ACQUISITOR LORCA, THE RESOURCE POLICE HAVE NOTED A HUGE EXPENDITURE OF ENERGY AND BIOMATERIAL HERE. THEY DEMAND AN EXPLANATION.

TELL THEM TO SMOTHER IN SLUDGE.



WE ARE ONLY ZOMS, SIR. THEY WILL ACCEPT NO ANSWER FROM US.

THEN IGNORE THEM. AND IF THEY TRY TO FORCE THEIR WAY IN, SPLATTER THEM!

VERY SOON I INTEND TO DESTROY THEM ANYWAY... ALONG WITH THE EMPIRE THEY SERVE!

LORCA, LOOK!



WHAT?!

OH... NO!



THEY'RE DYING! I... MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE... SOMEWHERE...

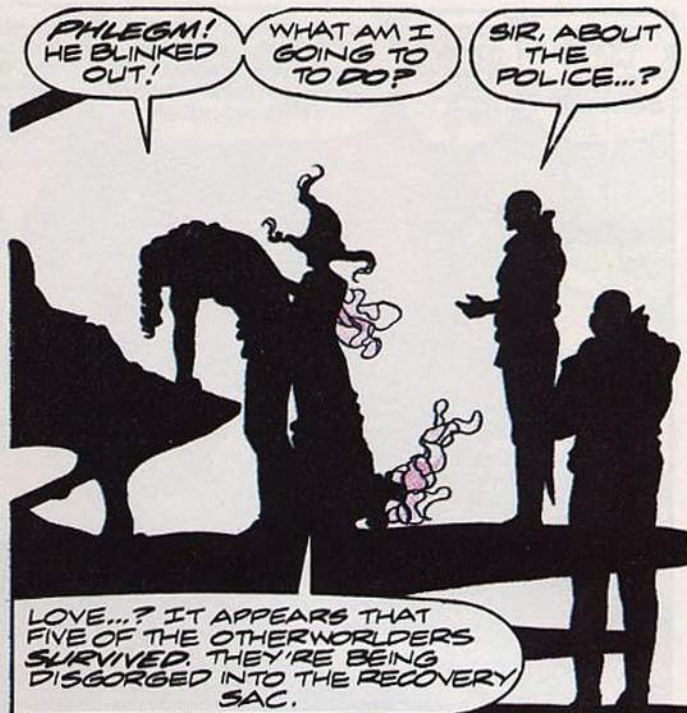
SIR, WHAT ABOUT THE POLICE?

UH-OH. SOMEONE'S CALLING ON THE EYE-PHONE. I THINK I'D BETTER GET OUT OF SIGHT.



LORCA, YOU PROFLIGATE PUS-PUMP! THIS IS **GRAND INQUISITOR ULNAREAH**. GET YOUR CARCASS OVER HERE, NOW. YOU HAVE SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!

LOOK, ULNAREAH, I...

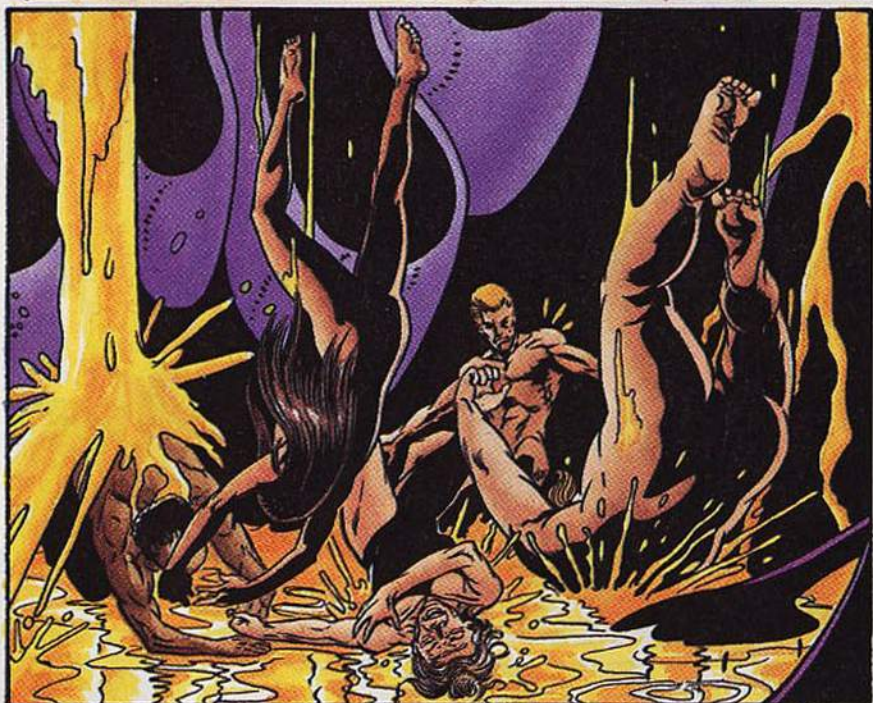


PHLEGM! HE BLINKED OUT!

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

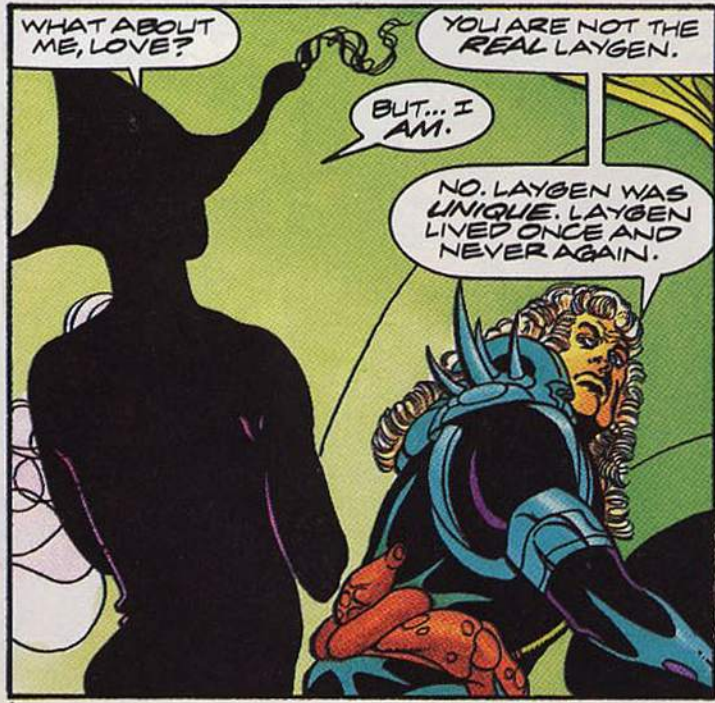
SIR, ABOUT THE POLICE...?

LOVE...? IT APPEARS THAT FIVE OF THE OTHERWORLDERS SURVIVED. THEY'RE BEING DISGORGED INTO THE RECOVERY SAC.



FIVE. EVEN IF THE MORPHING WORKED... FIVE AGAINST AN EMPIRE?

ZOMS! SLAUGHTER, MULCH, AND RECYCLE THEM--ALONG WITH ALL OTHER EVIDENCE OF THIS DEBACLE. IF I CAN COVER THIS UP, PERHAPS I'LL GET ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY SOMEDAY.

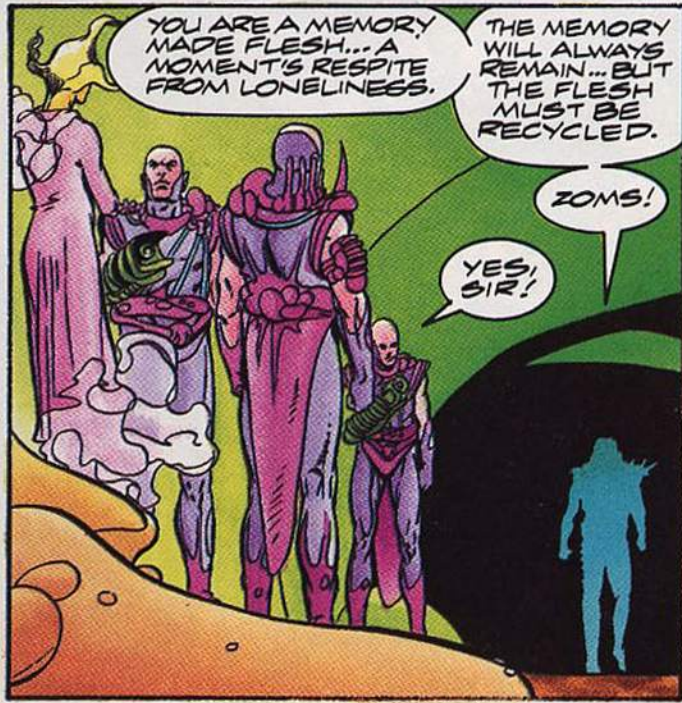


WHAT ABOUT ME, LOVE?

YOU ARE NOT THE REAL LAYGEN.

BUT... I AM.

NO. LAYGEN WAS UNIQUE. LAYGEN LIVED ONCE AND NEVER AGAIN.



YOU ARE A MEMORY MADE FLESH... A MOMENT'S RESPIRE FROM LONELINESS.

THE MEMORY WILL ALWAYS REMAIN... BUT THE FLESH MUST BE RECYCLED.

ZOMS!

YES, SIR!

THE RECOVERY SAC



WHAT... WAS THAT? WHAT HAPPENED?

WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES? WHAT HAPPENED TO MY CLOTHES?

CALM DOWN. LET'S START WITH THINGS WE KNOW WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?

I'M COOKIE WAZENEGGER. I'M FROM SADDLE RIVER....

ME, TOO. LIKE IT'S SPREADING.

OH, I'M RICK. RICK TIETZ. UM... HOBOKEN.

WHAT IS THIS STICKY STUFF? IT'S GETTING ALL OVER ME! YUCK!

I'M MRS. LOUISE JOHNSON.

MARTIN GILBERT. THIS STUFF SEEMS TO BE COVERING US.

GOODNESS, I THINK I'D RATHER BE NAKED!

LIEUTENANT ELVIS P. MAZEROV, U.S. ARMY RESERVES.

I ASSUME THAT NONE OF YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE OR HOW WE GOT HERE. I'M GOING TO RECONNOITER. I'D SUGGEST YOU ALL STAY PUT.

WELL, I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE IT SLOW AND CAREFUL UNTIL WE KNOW THE DEAL HERE. LIKE WHY CLOTHES GROW ON YOU!

RICK, YOUR ARM... YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT... UM, I GUESS.

AT THE PLANT, COUPLE YEARS AGO.

OH, THAT'S A SHAME.

SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU'RE HANDLING IT WELL, SON.



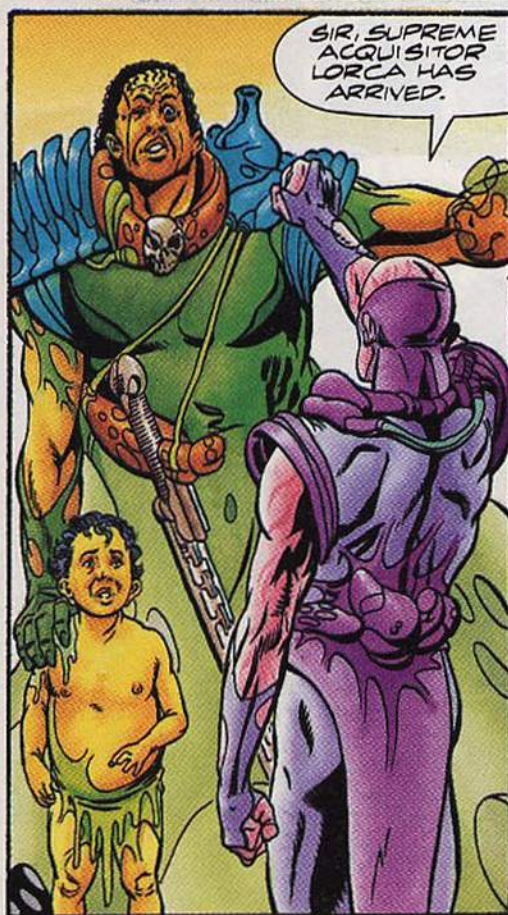
HOLD IT! QUIET!

HEAR THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING.



LOOK! THERE!







I KNOW YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING, LORCA. I'LL GO EASIER ON YOU IF YOU CONFESS.

I CONFESS THAT I'M DOING MY JOB-- LOCATING TARGETS.

YOU NEED THAT MUCH ENERGY TO JUICE YOUR COMPUTROIDS? AND WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU DO WITH FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND MEGAVATS OF MORPH-FLUID? DRINK IT?

I ANSWER TO THE EMPEROR. NOT YOU.

ALL CRIMINALS ANSWER TO ME.



BUT, LORCA... IF YOU CONFIDE IN ME, PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT YOU AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS?

OH, COME NOW! ARE YOU STILL HOLDING THAT LITTLE JOKE AGAINST ME?

YOU ARE NO FRIEND OF MINE, ULNAREAH.

WHAT WAS HER NAME...? LAYGEN?



SHE WAS ANTI-ORG, ANTI-SOCIETY-- AN INDIVIDUALIST, LORC-- AND YOU WERE GETTING WAY TOO ATTACHED TO HER.



I SAVED YOUR CAREER... AND POSSIBLY YOUR LIFE BY MULCHING HER.

IF YOU'RE THROUGH WASTING MY TIME, I'LL RETURN TO MY WORK.

MY RESEARCH HAS BEEN COSTLY, BUT THE EMPEROR WILL BE PLEASED I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW TARGET.



YOU'D BETTER HAVE! YOU'VE BEEN EXPLOITING THE PRIVILEGES OF RANK TO EXCESS, PURSUING SOME SECRET PURPOSE.

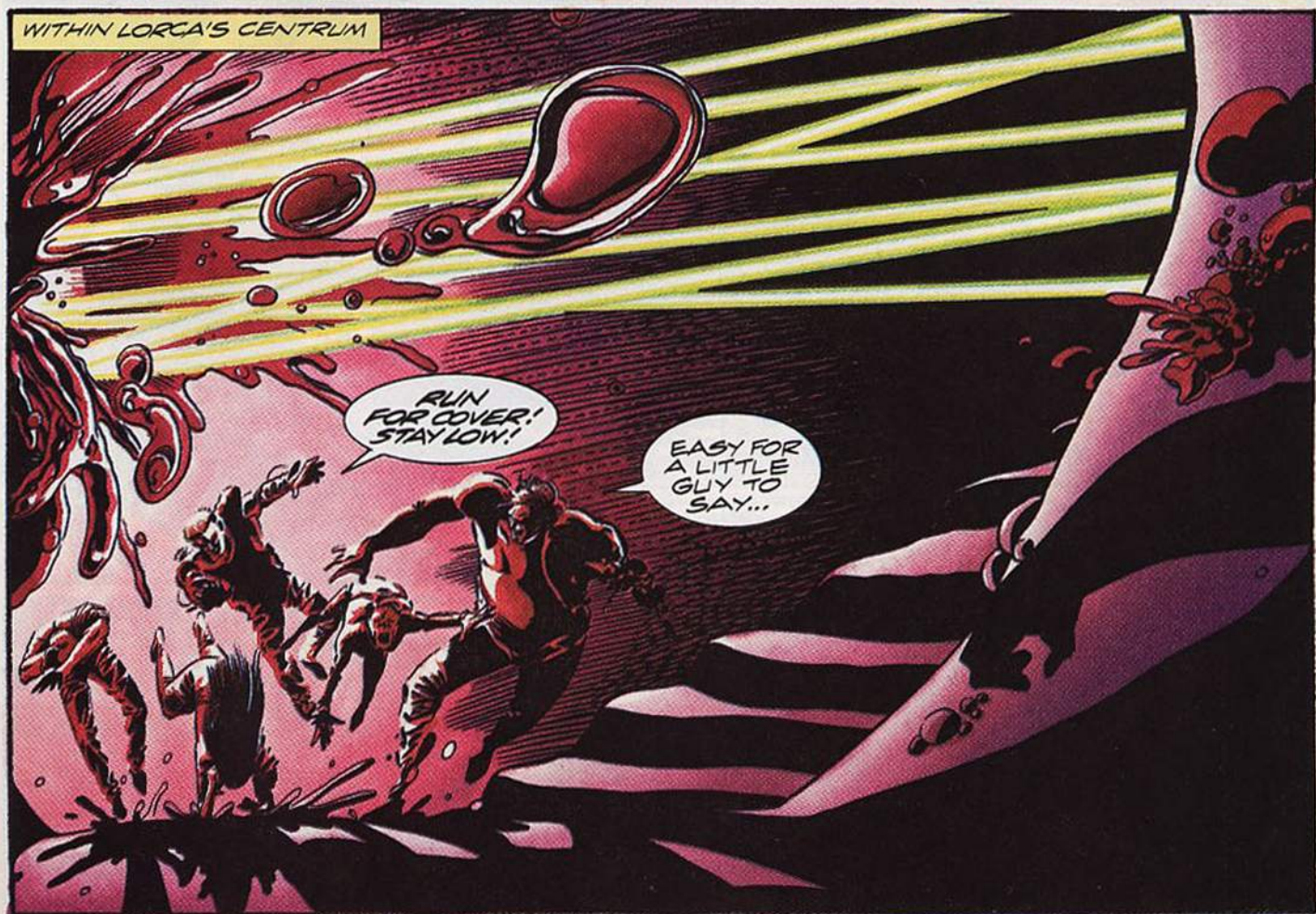
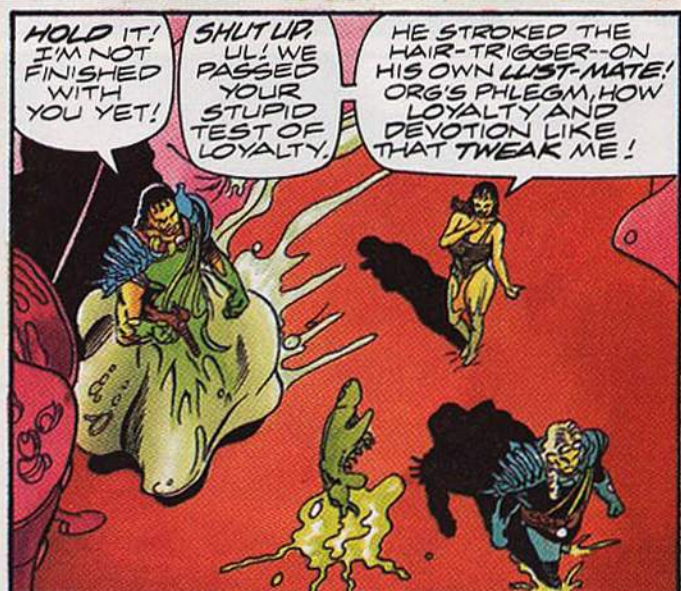
BUT YOU'VE PUSHED IT TOO FAR THIS TIME, OLD FRIEND, AND IF YOU'RE LYING, I'LL HAVE YOUR ARROGANT, SCHEMING CARCASS HAND-MULCHED WITH A BITEWHIP!

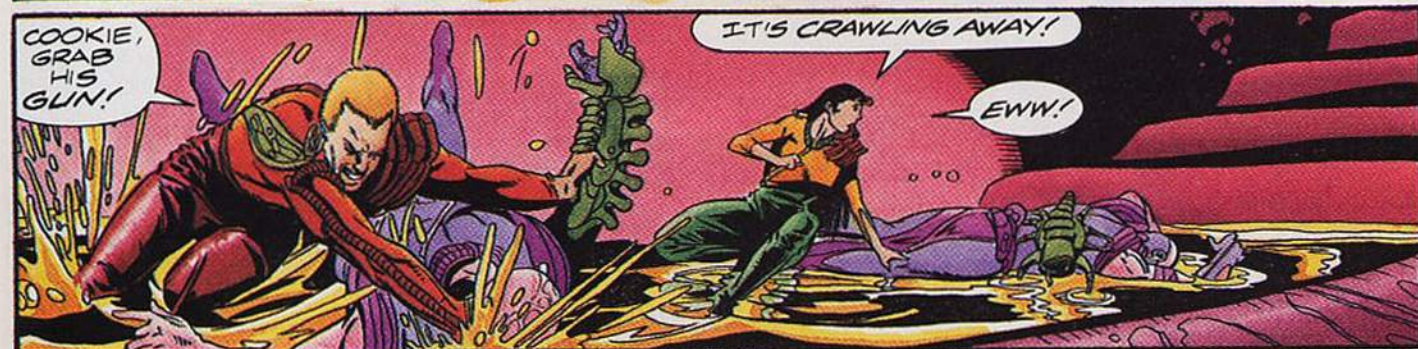
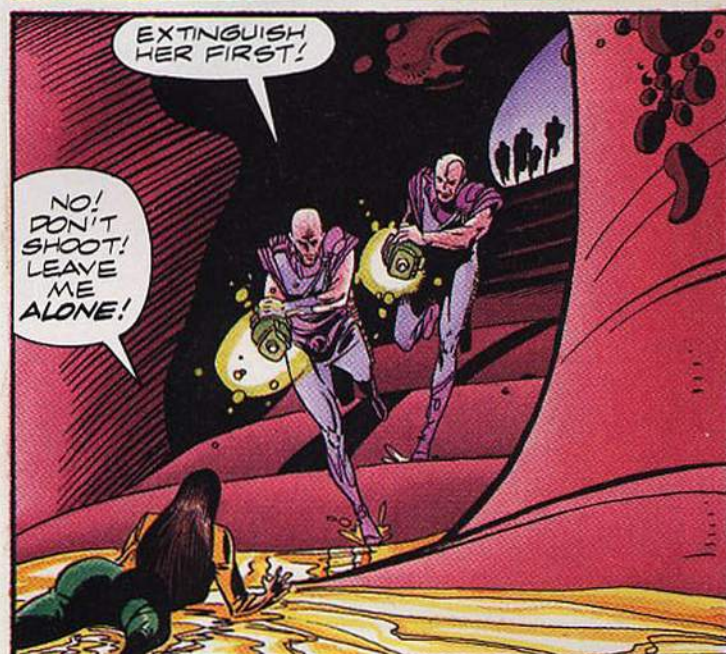


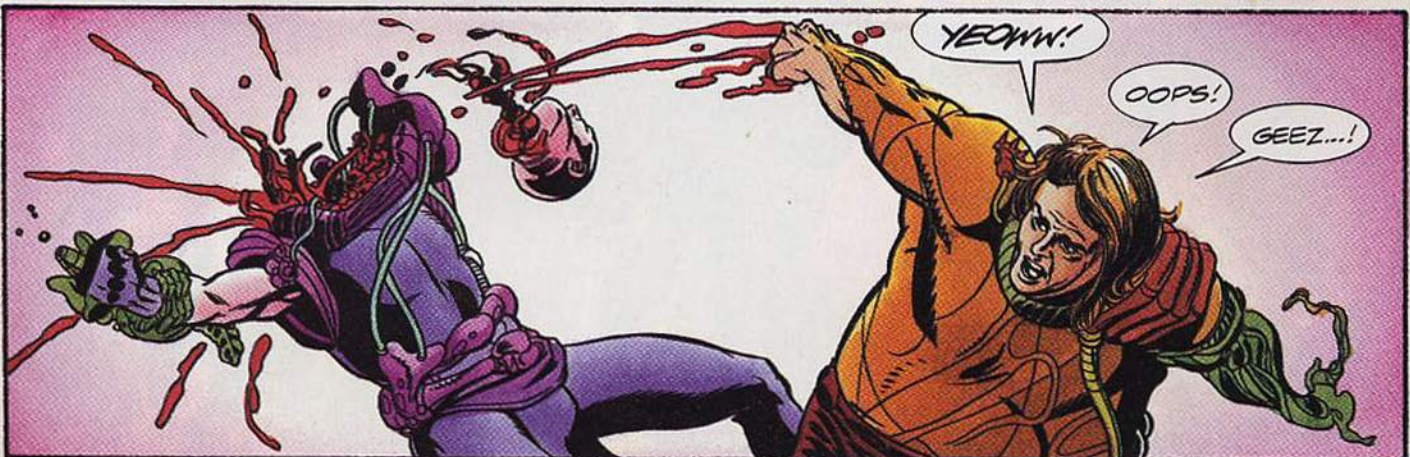
SPEAK THE TRUTH FOR ONCE, ULNAREAH. THIS IS PERSONAL... SO WHY DON'T WE SETTLE IT MAN TO SLUG!

WHY DON'T I SETTLE IT?

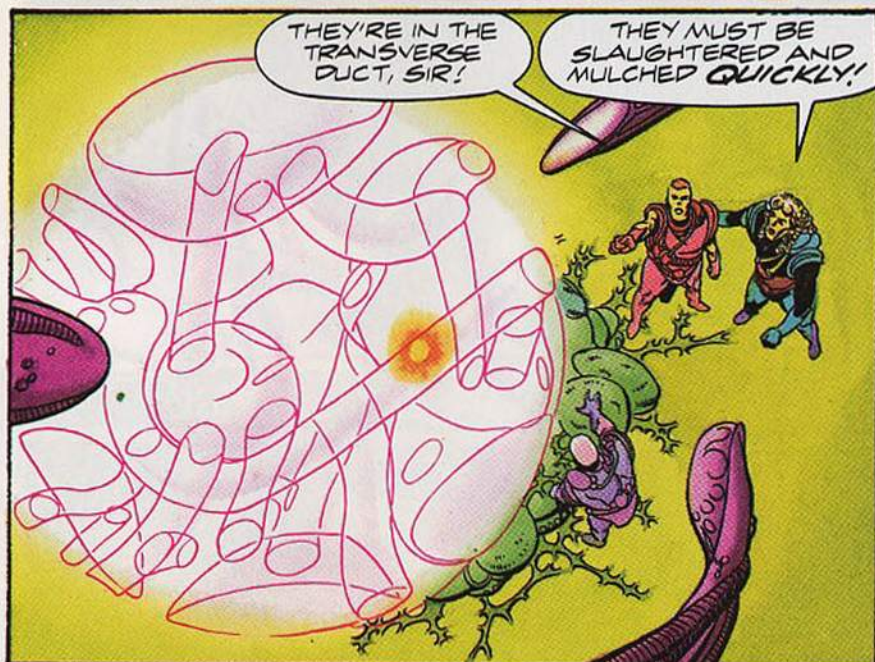














THEY'VE
REACHED A
DEAD END,
SIR.

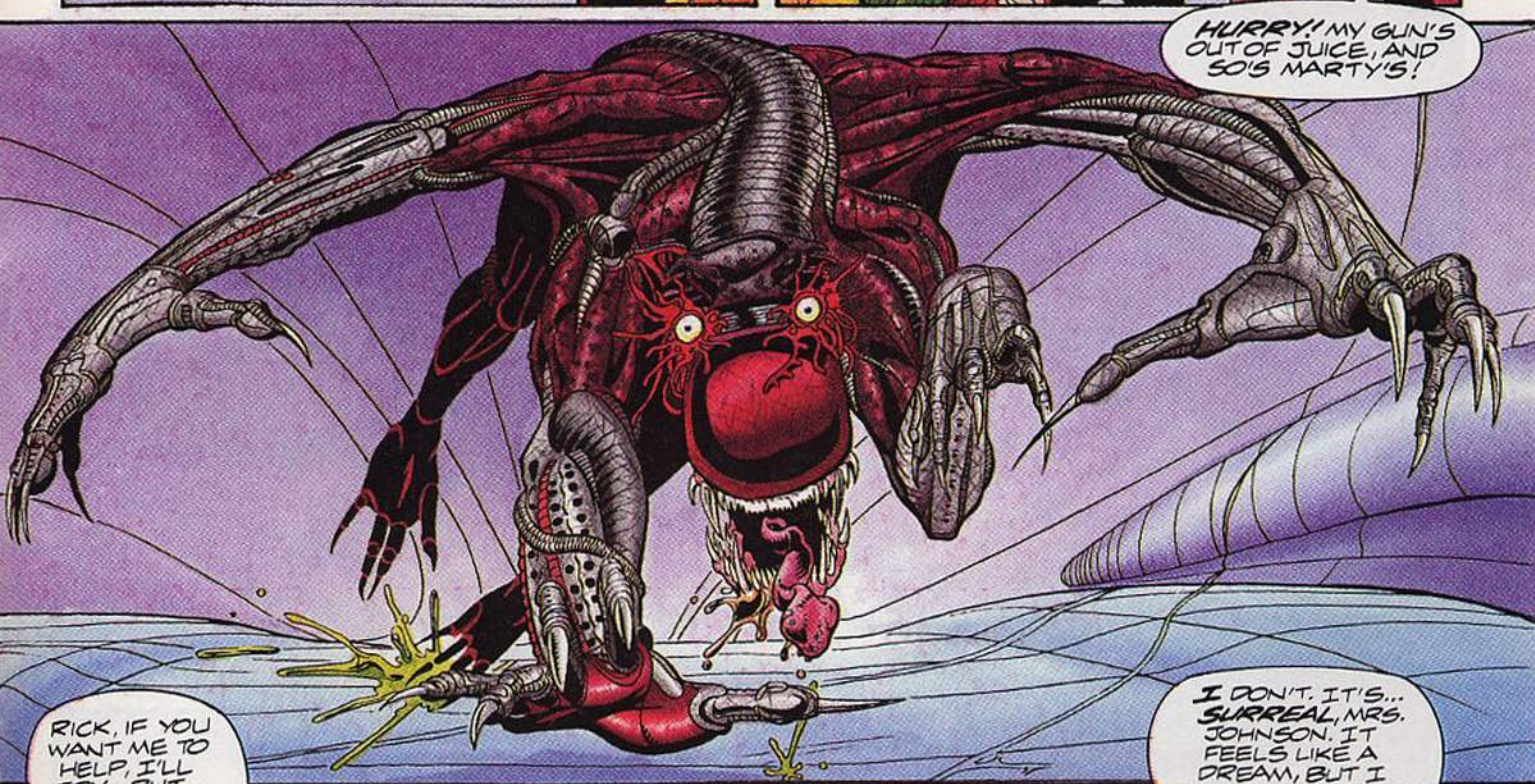
DOUBLY
TRUE.

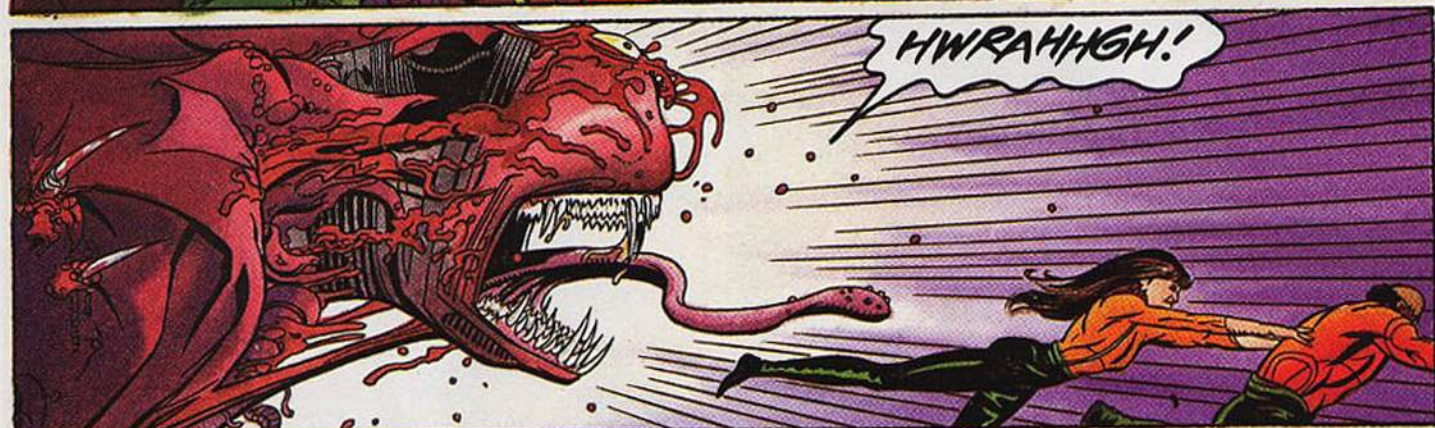
HAVE THE ZOMS
KEEP THEM PINNED
DOWN UNTIL THE
PROTOTYPE
ARRIVES.



WE'RE
TRAPPED,
AND THOSE
SHOTS ARE
GETTING
CLOSER!

LOOK OUT,
MRS.
JOHNSON!







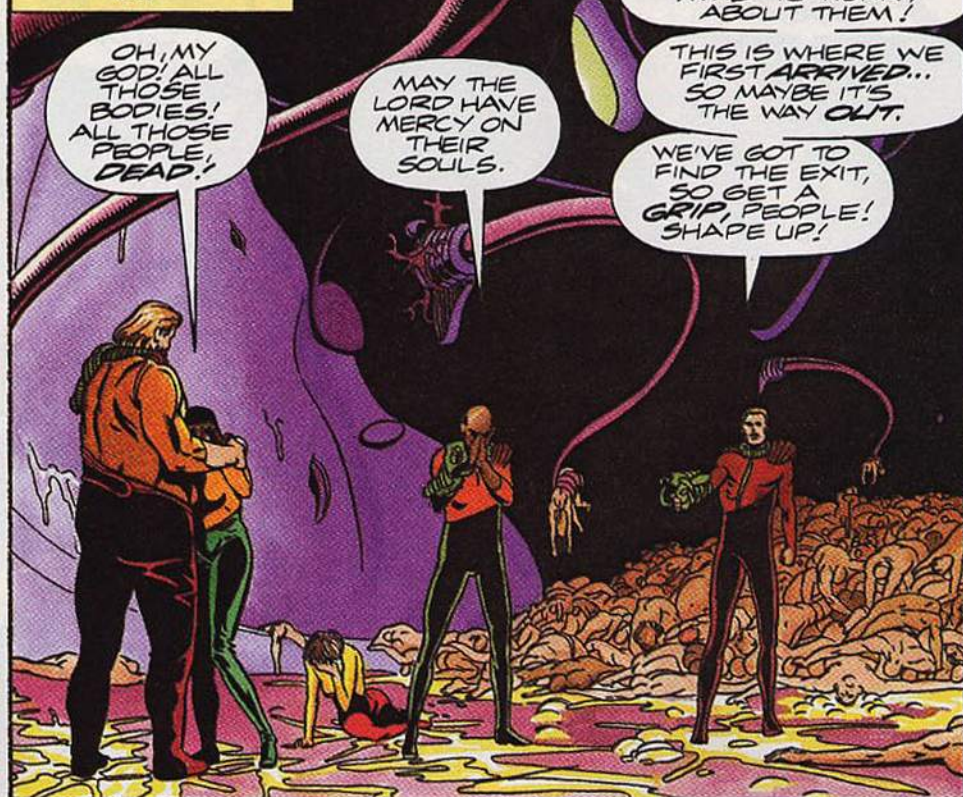
THEY'VE EXTINGUISHED THE PROTOTYPE, SIR.

HMM! THEY'RE AS POWERFUL AS I'D HOPED. TOO BAD.

I WONDER WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT THOSE FIVE... WHY THEY SURVIVED?

LORCA, SIR, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHERE THEY WOUND UP.

THE GENETIMORPH VAT



OH, MY GOD! ALL THOSE BODIES! ALL THOSE PEOPLE, DEAD!

MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON THEIR SOULS.

LOOK, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THEM!

THIS IS WHERE WE FIRST ARRIVED... SO MAYBE IT'S THE WAY OUT.

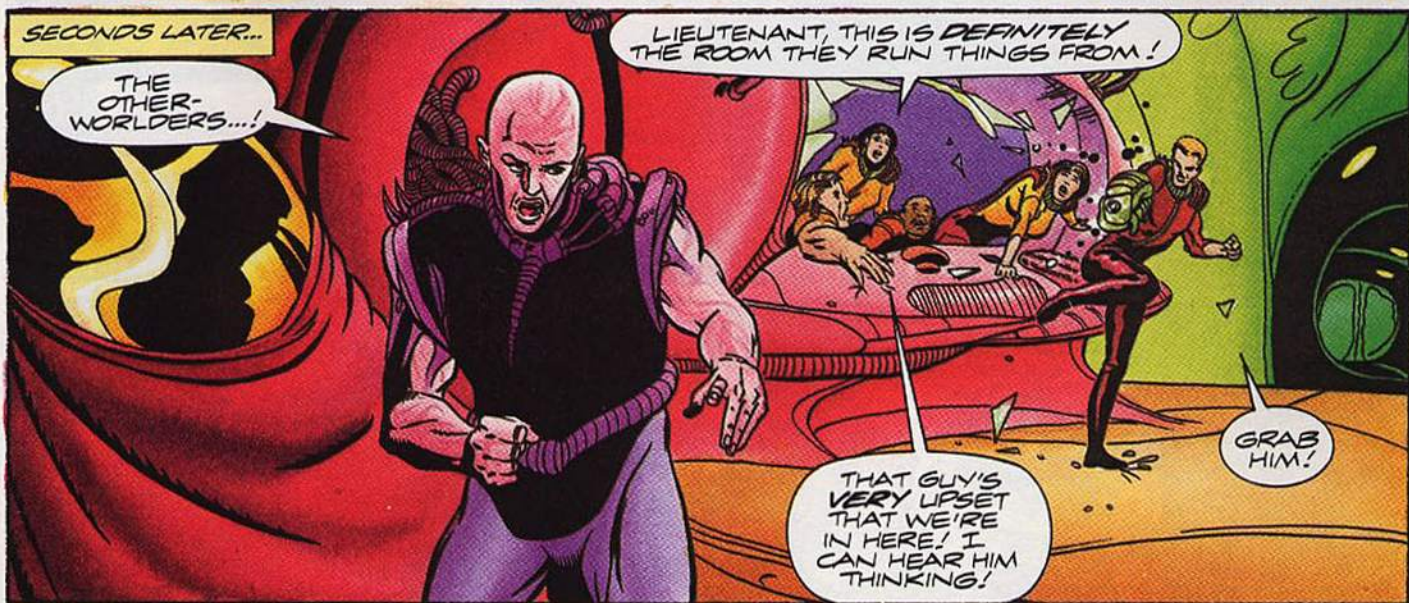
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE EXIT, SO GET A GRIP, PEOPLE! SHAPE UP!



OH, SHUT UP! MAYBE THIS IS ALL EASY FOR YOU, BUT IT'S HORRIBLE AND SCARY FOR US!

THAT'S A GOOD REASON TO DO WHAT I SAY!

LET'S CHECK THIS PLACE OUT. NOW.



SECONDS LATER...

THE OTHER-
WORLDERS...!

LIEUTENANT, THIS IS DEFINITELY THE ROOM THEY RUN THINGS FROM!

THAT GUY'S VERY UPSET THAT WE'RE IN HERE! I CAN HEAR HIM THINKING!

GRAB HIM!



THEY'RE IN THE CONTROL CELL! HAVE ALL ZOM-SQUADS CONVERGE HERE! QUICKLY!

